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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1542.

Original Poetry.

THE WAIL OF THE MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HENRY MORFORD.

One child in the beautiful robes of the dead
Lay calm on her white pillow,
And the pearl that he left on brake wild overhead,
As o'er her cot bowed hands the fellow
It seemed that our hearts in the deadlier grave
Should be laid down in parted beside her,
We felt that our pleading no longer could save,
Nor our tender love strengthen beside her.

"Fare-well mine!"

Who?" asked Magdalene, in a soft voice, looking up, for her sympathies were slightly moved by his tone and manner.

"Poor, ugly old man!" said the dwarf, as if commuting with himself.

Who?" again asked Magdalene, with more interest.

"Adam' child, poor old Adam Hawk! who has suffered more sorrow, more pain, with and child, and is now toiling on in his lonely, loveless, hopeless, old age, with nothing but the grave before him. Look, Magdalene! where he comes from his work—look at his stooping form, his gray hair, and his worn face!" said Rosa, pointing him out on the plains, while he gazed with all the benevolence of his soul into Magdalene's eyes.

He continued: —

"See how wearily! And sad he is—how much good a word of affection—a little act of attention would do him now! It would do him now! It would refresh him more than his supper, and rest him more than his arm-chair—poor old man! he has not had much of either, I think, Magdalene, that in all probability by the time that you grow up to be a young woman, he will be numbered with the dead!"

"I cannot do it, my child, only you can do it!"

"How! how! I wish I could! I wish I could!"

"Will on him as before—talk to him as before—be kind to him—display self degart of it self."

"But she would be deceitful!"

"No, my child, it will not be deceitful unless you do it to deceive, which you do not: My heart tells me that you do not. You do not regard to our feelings, and thus our feelings will be regarded by you. I think, Rosa, that he will forgive, and wish to forgive, yet cannot bring our feelings to the point to do violence to our wrathful feelings and return good for evil, and we shall experience, to our surprise, that we are happier and more at repose without an effort. My child, it is a trait of human nature to love those to whom we do good, and to hate those to whom we do ill—therefore if you wish to love any one, begin by doing them good, and you will find that the more good you bestow upon them, and if you wish to avoid hating any one, do them no evil; you have found, for the very evil you have done them. But, Magdalene, this does not throughout apply to your grandfather. Forgive, forgive as an immortal must between you and him. You owe him love, veneration, service: I feel that he does not love you, but my child, you must grow him!"

"I will do as you say," said the child, and pressed her head against the dwarf against her bosom, she rose up and left him, and walked rapidly on after her grandfather until she had overtaken him. "Give me the dinner basket, grandfather, you are tired and I am quite fresh: I will carry it for you," and she stood up to his side.

The old man looked at her in stern surprise, and then the harshness of his countenance softened into a smile.

"Ah, it is too heavy for your young arms."

"Heavy, grandfather! Let me try it! See here!" said she, lightly swinging the basket from her hand to her shoulder, and then to the other, and finally hanging it on her arm.

"God bless and redeem thee, Magdalene!" said Adam Hawk.

They went home together, and that evening and from that time forward, Magdalene's child was her constant companion—but, reader, the sense of injury was only somewhat allayed in the breast of the young woman who would be returning home weary and bowed, wearing the look of old age, and Magdalene would shed tears towards him—but in the morning, when he would go forth to toil for the pittance upon which they existed, the cause of wrong done her returning again, and steadily and musing she would wander forth upon the sea shore or into the forest. In one of those vanities through the woods it the back of the mansion house she met Virginia.

It is a glorious morning to early spring. The air was soft and bright, and mocked with the joyous notes of birds. The mellow lowing of cattle, the shrill crowing and cackling of cocks and hens, and the brilliant sunshine, all united in a exultant nature. And our Magdalene wandered forth, penetrated by the divine beauty of nature, before which the hideous deformity could hide with drawn itself like an evil thing into the deepest recesses of her soul.

She wandered up the old turnpike road, which ran near the house like all, the thrush, the blue birds, the splendid sunlight shimmering on the brilliant green leaves, and these exclusively, but not a single note of love or hope stole not, the buzzard hen, that with seeming careless saunter, picking here and there, and ruffling her feathers, while the oblique eye watched her watched with rapid vigilance.

She approached the small open glade of the Old Turnpike Road—the glade which now in the dense forest, and the ground like a carpet from the clouds—and in the strongest light was pinched a beautiful woman, and a child, each seated upon an elegant white Arabian; the youth wearing a suit of tastefully rich velvet, with the cloak of maroon thrown back from the left, with his head upon the mane of the child's horse, and looking up into the face of the right, hanging up the side of the youth's horse, was a splendid pinkish Newfoundland dog.

Magdalene stood like a statue. Magdalene's figure was tall and commanding of size, but—as soon as she saw Magdalene—bounding to her side; followed at more leisure by the child: "I am very glad to see you, Magdalene! So very glad to see you!" said Gisela, as she threw her arms about her friend's neck.

While Joseph, dismounting, led his horse to her side, and while Magdalene, seated her as well as she could, place upon the sod, she was left on with Rosin—and Magdalene, if you are like Virginia, you can ride any sort of saddle, or even a bare-backed horse."

"Yes, I can, but I do not wish to take your seat."

"Never think of that—I prefer to walk with Rosin here—and—Gisela! this arrangement pleases you, does it not?"

"Yes! oh, yes! Thank you, dear Josey, only walk by the side of Magdalene—her seat is not lonely!"

When they were thus arranged—Rosin walking by the side of Virginia's horse, and Joseph by that of Magdalene's—Gisela said,

"And now, dear Magdalene, I have something to say to you. I have not been at the ball a fortnight without wanting to see you; but I have never been a strong child, and the weather has been soft and moist and sweltering, and the ball-low is very damp, so father would not let me go, but said that as soon as Miss Hervey arrives, you should be sent for to come and live with me, and be my sister, so mother wished. Now Miss Hervey is come, mother and father is gone down to his fields to ask Mr. Hawk to consent to let you come to the hall and share my studies. Now as Mr. Hervey approves of the plan highly, and says that we really teach each other—that we will be corrections of each other, I suppose there will be not the least difficulty. Now, Magdalene, as you appeared to be only taking a woodland exercise, you might as well return with us to the hall, and wait the event there."

"I was only watching the setting hen to her nest," replied Magdalene.

"Indeed she is—the evening of her kind upon such occasions, has elicited or excited you. I do not see her—at present."

And so Virginia prevailed with Magdalene, and they returned together to the mansion house.

Gimsie hurried her off to her own chamber—her late mother's chamber with the "dawn without," and commanded her to rest, for Gisela must change, and the same furniture generally—and after showing her everything that was interesting in the room—found that their leading tale had been the nursery, and told Magdalene that she should immediately be her room as it connected with her own. Then she showed her across the broad middle passage into two corresponding rooms—the front one of which was to be the school-room, and the back one Miss Hervey's bed-room.

By the time Gimsie had done pointing out the objects of interest in the room, and they were down into the dining room to bid their Judge Washington returned, in the company of Adam Hawk. The latter looked as if he would be thankful to find his grandchild there—until Gimsie quickly reading his thoughts, said,

"I brought her!"

Then he took Magdalene by the hand, and said, "I am very thankful to the kindness of Judge Washington, you are to testify here as a companion and Miss Hervey's friend, sharing her studies. Go and thank your benefactor."

But Magdalene looked as if she would rather die subject first.

And the Judge smiling at Magdalene's hesitation, said, "Adam Hawk's fort from, said, "Leave her to her honesty, Hawk."

Adam Hawk left the room, after a parting admonition to his grand-daughter, went away. In the afternoon Magdalene's slender wardrobe arrived from Gisela's room, full of her own gauge, and placed in the room appropriated to her.

Late in the evening, Miss Hervey, in charge of her father, arrived.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

Her eyes were shadowy—full of thought and feeling,
And with long lashes that a white rose check
Of pearly whiteness, and her mouth was meek
In quiet and pure, as formed for holy love
Her face was not for her cheek's tender mould
Of beauty.

Wonderful she seemed, and mysterious, surely
Was she.
Whence she came, and how prepared that called on
Heaven.

The family were assembled in the unlocated parlors. The supreme curtains were let down. The crimson sofa drawn up of the left side; the crimson rocking-chair on the right, and the table, with the lamp upon it, drawn to the light before the spread and overspread child, he laid his head upon his father's knee, and looked up into his face. Judge Washington sat in the easy-chair on the right, reading his paper, Joseph, with Magdalene and Virginia, sat at the table on the left, Rosin was engaged in examining a book of prints, and Gisela was reading to her father, Mr. Hervey, who lay upon a sofa.

At the time of our story, the schools and colleges of New England were filled with the sons of many families, flooded the whole South with a swarm of their youth, and the Judge had with a number of boys, and a governess as inmates of his house, and he had decided to entrust her to the care of Miss Hervey, that night only, and for the reason of wrong done her returning again, and steadily and musing she would wander forth upon the sea shore or into the forest. In one of those vanities through the woods it the back of the mansion house she met Virginia.

It was a gentleman of middle age, medium stature, dark complexion, and ardent and intellectual cast of countenance.

Miss Hervey laughed. She was about six years of age, of small but well proportioned figure, of fair complexion, and delicate features, and might have been called plain, but for the large, black, brooding eyes with their black eyebrows and eyelashes, and the profusion of black, shading her dark, spiritual countenance. Gimsie was a pretty child, that might only need even the brilliant glow of Magdalene's complexion, or the radiant bloom of Virginia's to render her beautiful. She was dressed like a child of seven years of age, and her hair, which threw out into greater relief, the elegant style of her dress and delicate complexion.

The Judge arose to receive his guests, and with stately courtesy seated Miss Hervey in the easy-chair, before presenting to her daughter and her young companions to her notice. When Miss Hervey had seated herself, the Judge recommenced, and after supper, Mr. Hervey dragged his chair, and Miss Hervey was drawn to the depot of oil, and Miss Hervey was drawn to the depot of oil, and Miss Hervey was drawn to the depot of oil

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1851.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

A SUPPLEMENT.

As some of our new subscribers may wish to read the earlier portions of Mrs. Southworth's Novelet (Virginia and Magdalene,) and yet not desire to have so many back numbers, we shall print a SUPPLEMENT, containing all of the story up to the 15th of this month, (February.)

New subscribers can, therefore, either have the Supplement, and commence their subscriptions with the paper of February 15th; or they can take the back numbers (until our stock of them is exhausted,) and begin their subscriptions with the first of January. *For [illegible] Supplement we shall make no charge.*

New subscribers will please state [illegible] letters whether they desire the [illegible] Supplement from the first of the year, or [illegible] K. S.

[illegible]MENTS.

PUBLIC D[illegible] [illegible] Hon. G. W. Jones, of [illegible] We are indebted [illegible] State, for valuable public [illegible] the United States documents.

[illegible]GNANT REFORM.

M[illegible] March number of "Graham's Magazine" [illegible] an exceedingly ably written article, entitled "Stupid Conservatism and Malignant Reform," which it would be well for Conservatives and Reformers alike to read. We say this at the same time that we do not profess an unbounded admiration of the temper and tone of the article. Still, we think that much spiritual good may be extracted from it by sensible men of all parties. The writer says:

> Influence, good or bad, comes not from the opinions a man professes, but from the character he has formed, and the life he leads; and malice uttering the common-places of meekness, or selfishness prating glibly in the phraseology of benevolence, can only communicate to others the life of malice and selfishness; and thus it is that so much of the Satanic in disposition finds a vent in the propositions of charity and love, and that opinions, on which angels might gossip, often come from lips touched with a fire not from heaven. Now, the source of popular misjudgments in this matter is in confounding moral commonplaces with moral character, and in calling a man of philanthropical or reforming opinions by the name of philanthropist or reformer, without regard to his possession of the ideas, sentiments, spirit and character which distinguish philanthropy from misanthropy, and reform from lawlessness. The inward, essential life of the man, which is the real thing to be computed, as it is the real thing communicated, is overlooked in doing homage to the abstract truth of his propositions; and thus, in the popular estimation, a person gifted only with the form without the spirit of philanthropy, is considered a philanthropist, just as a person doggedly blind to every thing but the form of Conservatism, is dignified with the title of Conservative.

This is true, to a very great extent, though the author is too absolute in his statements. It only needs to be asserted to be acknowledged, that "opinions" have an influence, apart from character. In fact, the latter part of the above extract contradicts the assertion with which it opens. But we fully admit that a man *should not* be considered a reformer or philanthropist merely because of his opinions; but only when abstract truths have become incorporated with his inmost being, and his daily life exhibits the good fruits of the Christian faith which is in him. The following is as true as it is beautifully expressed:

> In truth, it is not sufficiently considered that to be a philanthropist is to reach that highest grace of character in which strength is united to sweetness, power to love; that the severest trial of philanthropy is to war with selfishness without catching the disease; that it begins in love to individuals, and widens gradually into love for mankind; that by a certain divine felicity of nature it returns magnanimity for meanness, love for hatred, meekness for arrogance; that it is hopeful, genial, disinterested, patient, forbearing, persistent, influential, radiating light and warmth from its own fullness of life, and above the littleness of wreaking the grudges of vanity and self-will in the bitter and biting invectives of malice. In short, the thing itself is still rare, although the word has been amazingly cheapened; and the word has power to stir associations so beautiful, elevated, and serene, that it would be a worthy ambition for some knight-errant of language to rescue it from the contempt into which it has fallen, since it has been made the convenient cover of so much acid and acrimonious misanthropy.

This is also excellent—though in a different way:—

> But it may be objected to all this celebration of the virtues peculiar to philanthropy, that it is a cheap way of avoiding the responsibility of doing any thing for mankind, and that the serpent of selfish indifference peeps out from among the rose-leaves of rhetoric. A sour reformer might retort that the practical question is—how are we to upset the stupidities and rascalities of society and government, strong as they are in all the strength of stupidity, keen as they are in all the keenness of rascality? Will bright words, and beautiful sentiments, and sweet rebukes do it? No, the rack and the hot iron must be called in; and the whole set subjected to a torture which, if it results not in victory, "will be at least revenge." The real fact of the case, our opponent would argue, is this—that the whole affair is a dog-and-cat fight between rascality and honesty, and that in such a contest we must scratch, and bite, and snarl with a beautiful adaptation of our powers to the exigency of the occasion. Stupidity has a force of its own, against which the gods themselves are powerless, it cannot be reached by weapons forged in celestial armories; and, accordingly, we prefer to dart scorn and hatred at it—to fret, tease, caricature, and torment it—and as it is insensible to the honey of benevolence, to make it wince under the sting. If the fight be thus a fight between stupidity and malice—the two negatives in the social sentence—we do not know but that the majority of sensible people should be as blandly indifferent to the issue, as was the amiable old lady who witnessed her husband's struggle with the bear. At any rate, it is curious that a man should claim to be a philanthropist, on the ground that he has renounced the first principle of philanthropy, and considers moral power as too valuable a thing to be wasted on the rogues he would still convert. The assumption reminds us of a theory which regulates the epistolary compositions of a gentleman of our acquaintance, who considers grammar and orthography as too expensive luxuries to be squandered in his private correspondence.

We give one more extract, the style of the latter portion of which is decidedly "Johnsonese:"

> Conservatism grows every day more stupid, as reform grows every day more malignant. The men who stand between the two, in a medium position, are distinguished for the moderation of their opinions rather than for possessing the life of moderation, and they therefore have little influence as positive forces. Vital moderation is what is wanted, a moderation which discerns the essential relations of things, and acts in accordance with its insight—a moderation which is not synonymous with commonplace but with comprehensiveness. Such a moderation would be too austerely just and too broadly intelligent, to defend existing institutions or advance beneficent reforms on any other principles than those of justice and intelligence; and in its vigorous grasp of things, and comprehensive discernment of relations, it could afford to dispense with *that rabble of resounding words which the poisonous vitality of opinionated malevolence has now almost organized into a vocabulary of execration.*

Our greatest objection to this article as a whole, is that the keen-sighted author shows others

> "the steep and thorny path to heaven,
> And recks not his own rede."

He sets up for a Reformer, to reform the extreme Right and the extreme Left, and having dug a pit of condemnation for them, finishes his work by pitching into it headlong himself. He would have the Reformer first reform his own nature—first overcome its irritability, its excess of passion, its want of charity and of that love which hopeth all things, and endureth all things—and justly does he demand this—before beginning, and as a preparatory step towards, the reformation of the world. And yet he, the Reformer of Reformers—he who should therefore have his truth doubly distilled from human frailty—starts upon his work without any such preparation, with the mere weapon of opinions which have not entered into and become a part of his life. He begins his article with a double insult, heading it "*Stupid* Conservatism and *Malignant* Reform"—and in a sharp, acrimonious, even somewhat "malignant" way, sets the sins of both the erring parties before them. He himself sees this, he is too keen-sighted to overlook even his own shortcomings. He says:

> These hurried remarks on a prevailing imposture of the day, have, occasionally, we fear, betrayed in their style of expression, *a combination of the dullness of the Conservative with the bitterness of the Reformer, which vividly exemplifies the faults they have attacked.* We have not pretended, however, to quarrel with any system, conservative or philanthropic, which justifies its adoption of the name by illustrating the qualities of the thing, but simply to express the dislike of a *somewhat enraged common sense* against two forms of selfishness, the apathetic and the malignant, which now strut and bluster as the champions of order and liberty.

An "*enraged common sense*"—but reformers, according to our essayist's own showing, must not allow their common sense to become "enraged." And, finding, when reviewing the tone of his article, that he had fallen into one of the very faults he had so strongly censured, to be consistent, he should have immediately put what he had written into the fire. But, if he had done this, "Graham" would have missed a fine essay, a very fair amount of needed truth (mixed with error) would not have been spoken, and (last and least) this article of ours would not have been written. And, therefore, we array our author's "common sense" in publishing his essay, notwithstanding its glaring, self-confessed imperfections—his own imperfect attempt at reforming; against his opinion that no Reformer should begin to reform others until he had first entirely reformed himself—Practice *versus* Precept—and close this article with three assertions of our own "common sense": First, That no reform would [illegible] be begun, if men were to wait until they [illegible] tirely reformed themselves, and there[illegible] That [illegible] conduct it with *perfect* propriety; Se[illegible], to a [illegible] all Reformers *should* reform [illegible] reasonable degree, before beg[illegible] in doing good [illegible] reforma[illegible] tion of others; and Third[illegible] take one of the [illegible] good to and reform [illegible] to, and reforming other[illegible] most effective mean[illegible] themselves.

[illegible]EAN NEWS.

E[illegible] from France is more satisfactory than [illegible] Changarnier, the rival military [illegible] the President, has been dismissed from [illegible] command, without the least disturbance, or [illegible] a fall in the price of stocks. In fact, there was a better feeling in the money market, the President having shown more nerve than he was generally given credit for possessing. Some of the French Republicans, with their usual half-blindness upon political matters, denounce this movement of Louis Napoleon's as a step towards Imperialism. They do not seem to perceive that the elevating of General Changarnier as a rival power to the President, contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, was not the right check-mate to any imperial designs. The only check upon such a movement resides in the Assembly and the People. Two Presidents cannot be tolerated, even though there may be danger in one. But we do not perceive the alleged danger of the President's assuming the title and state of Emperor, so long as the Assembly and the great mass of the nation are opposed to it. And if they are not opposed to it, what they are able to do legally, they will hardly attempt by revolution. Such is the aspect which the subject presents to us, in the light derived from our imperfect budget of foreign news.

All the leading men of France remonstrated against the removal of Changarnier, but Louis Napoleon was resolute in his purpose. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who was appointed by him in Changarnier's place as Commander of the army of Paris, has issued an "order of the day" to his soldiers, in which he asserts his determination to support the constitution, and the authority of the laws. At the last advices, it was expected that the Assembly would pass a vote of "want of confidence" in the President's new ministry.

We learn from England that the articles of different countries will be classified in the Crystal Palace, according to the geography of the globe. The transept, which is the middle of the building, is to be the equator. There will be exposed the productions of India, China, Arabia, Persia, Turkey, and the tropics. The productions of the Northern regions will occupy the two extremities of the building. The United States produce will be by the Eastern entrance; from thence, a few hundred yards, we enter the Russian dominions.

The Schleswig-Holstein question is settled. The Stadtholders have yielded, disbanded two-thirds of their army, and the chief men have retired to Hamburgh. We know not the precise terms of settlement, though doubtless the demands of Denmark are in a great degree complied with.

Bem, the Polish General, is reported to have died at Aleppo, within 1850, as he predicted would be the case. He said he had seen a tomb with his own name and that year engraved upon it. He died nominally in the Turkish faith, which he had embraced, and was buried with military honors. His principal religion, however, was opposition to the progress of Russia, and to avenge the land of his birth. He is described, personally, as "one of the bravest and most generous of beings, a man of most fertile resources and original mind, next to Napoleon and Wellington, the great commander of modern times. He was small in stature, but of an active and untiring temperament. His will once fixed, nothing short of impossibility could turn it, and that impossibility he was the last to admit. He was born at Tarnow, in Gallicia, in 1795, and was accordingly fifty-five years old at his death, though much exposure and suffering made him appear older."

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Many of our readers may not be aware of the munificent provision that has been made for popular education within the limits of the city and county of Philadelphia. Few are ignorant that a great deal has been effected for this noble object, although they know not upon how grand a scale the work has been done.

Within the limits just specified, about forty-five thousand children and young persons are receiving a liberal education in our Public Schools. These Schools are supported at an annual expenditure of more than $450,000, nearly the whole of which is taken out of the County Treasury. They employ a large number of instructors, and are divided into Primary, Secondary and Grammar Schools, a Normal School, and a High School, so as to furnish the means of instruction for young children as well as for those who are on the verge of manhood.

The Central High School is the crowning point and main-spring of the whole system. It is, in fact, the Collegiate Branch. And it is said that there is no College in the United States which can offer greater facilities for the acquirement of a practical and scientific education. It has a corps of twelve Professors, carefully selected by competent judges, and believed to be well qualified in their several departments. They give instruction in the various branches of Mental, Moral, Political and Mathematical Science, Astronomy, Belles Lettres, the History of English Literature, Anatomy, Physiology, Special Physics, Natural History, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon Languages, &c. But at the same time, a proper amount of attention is given to Penmanship, Book-Keeping, and Drawing in all its varieties. Such are the provisions made for a course of education which extends over four years, and which is constantly enjoyed by at least 500 students.

At the expiration of every six months, a new class is admitted, and an old class graduates.—There are, therefore, two Commencements in each year, when those who have satisfactorily passed through the prescribed routine of study, receive the Honorary Degree of Bachelor of Arts. At a subsequent period, they receive the additional Degree of Master of Arts, with all its prerogatives, and upon the same footing with the Universities and Colleges of our country, in whom the power of conferring Degrees has been vested. We state these facts, as it is not generally known what an excellent system of Public Schools we have in Philadelphia.

RIGHT.

Francis Bowen, the editor of the North American Review, who denominated Kossuth an unprincipled demagogue, and took sides with Austria and Russia against the chivalrous Hungarians, has been rejected as Professor of History in Harvard College by 39 to 33 votes.

This is right—though we are sorry the majority against him was not larger. Mr. Bowen may be perfectly honest, but a man of such perverted sympathies is not a fit instructor of American youth. Doubtless he could obtain a situation in some Austrian or Russian college—though it is a question whether the students of even those nations, would listen to him with much patience; the students of even the despotic portions of Europe being generally filled with a love of liberty, derived from the reading of Greek and Roman history.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1851.

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THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelettes we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE TERRE HUTEANS, by C. W. Webber, Author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign and Periodicals, Engravings, Humorous Sketches, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 3rd, the Senate and the House attended the first funeral solemnities of the session of Texas.

On the 4th, Mr. Atchison presented a petition from a citizen of Missouri, setting forth that his slave was in the employ of the United States Quarter-Master at Fort Leavenworth, and that through the negligence of the United States officers over the slave fled, and was lost to his master. He asked for the value of the slave out of the United States.

Mr. Dayton moved that the petition be laid on the table.

Mr. Dayton moved its reference to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Messrs. Dayton and Clay presented petitions for the repeal of the fugitive law.

Mr. Hale, a petition from Lynn, Massachusetts, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and a petition from Danvers, Massachusetts, asking that the appointments be removed from Salem for the penalties for not aiding in carrying the Fugitive Slave law into execution, were laid on the table.

Mr. Borland presented a memorial from the Legislature of Arkansas, asking Congress to take appropriate steps towards the speedy payment of the $1,670 for Red Art.

Mr. Underwood presented a memorial from citizens of Kentucky, praying for the passage of a law, in favor of a line of steamers to Liberia.

Mr. Bell then moved that the Senate take up the Bill for the Appointment of Appraisers at large, and for other purposes. The Bill was originally introduced by Mr. Winthrop. The Finance Committee reported it with amendments.

The question pending was on striking out the original Bill and inserting in lieu thereof the substitute.

Mr. Hunter explained the substitute as slightly important and necessary. He would move to add to it another section, which was suggested by a recent decision of the Supreme Court, to relieve the appraisers from an actual personal examination of the goods appraised by him. He then explained the reasons for the report of the Committee on the Treasury upon the frauds under the tariff of 1846; and stated that the Committee were led to show that the tariff was not to blame for such frauds, but that the frauds had been practised under the tariff, and was derived from the defective administration of the revenue. He thought the operations of the tariff would be found favorable to the provisions of this Bill.

Mr. Whitthrop was thankful that the Committee had acted so promptly on his Bill, but he regretted that this unfortunate subject of the tariff frauds has had been thrust on it. Under the circumstances he suggested, that there had been no report on the Bill, but though a thorough reform in the mode of valuation there was not time enough in the Senate or the House, at this session, and the time would come, and it was proper to remember the day, when that change would be forced upon them by the circumstances of the country and the Treasury.

Mr. Pearce said, under the circumstances he had assented to regarding the Bill, but he would take another opportunity to reply to Mr. Hunter's remarks upon the action of the Whig party in this matter.

The Bill was then amended, engrossed and passed, with the following amendment inserted after section one, as follows:

"Be it enacted, that the certificate of any one of the appraisers of the value of goods at the wholesale value of any imported merchandise required to be appraised, shall be sufficient to be taken to be the appraisement of such merchandise, required to be appraised, and that no other appraisement, and where merchandise shall be required to be appraised, the certificate of any one of the appraisers of the value of such merchandise required by existing laws to be made by the appraisers, shall be sufficient."

The Bill changing the time for holding U. S. Courts in Ohio, and for other purposes.

The California Private Land Claim Bill was taken up.

Mr. Walker moved an amendment, that all matters now pending in the Land Office, which shall be conclusive only against the United States, and against third parties, and not the claimant, and the Bill was then reported to the Senate, as amended, and the amendment was concurred in.

On the 5th, Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, presented the credentials of Hon. Henry Dodge, elected Senator from Wisconsin for the full term of six years from March 4th, 1851.

Mr. Walker said that in consequence of an unavoidable absence he had not been present at the meeting the Constitution and Laws of the United States for Judiciary, he was appointed by the Legislature, and instructed to resign. He has been desirous of the first fitting opportunity to do so, though he had been much hurt by this proceeding. Mr. H. then read the resignation in writing.

Mr. Walker said that in consequence of an unavoidable absence he had been deprived of the consideration. For this act of justice he returned his sincere thanks.

Messrs. Seward, Chase, and Hamlin, presented credentials of their election to the Senate for six years.

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Mr. Bradbury presented the joint resolutions from Arkansas in favor of adopting some substitute for the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr. Foote, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to whom had been referred the joint resolution in favor of adopting some substitute for the Wilmot Proviso, reported a substitute, and reported a resolution declaring an opinion of the Senate that no future territory or State ought to be admitted by Congress which has made provision for the settling of difficulties with foreign nations by which war might ensue.

Mr. Butler, from the Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred Mr. Winthrop's resolution to fill the portion of the Supreme Court bench, rendered vacant by Executive appointment, explained under a long report of the Committee, that they do not think it would be well to encourage in appointments to the Supreme Court bench, persons who are not recognized as well known professional men, and favorable, by the presentation of his credentials.

Under this report, Messrs. Chase, Seward, and Ewing retain their seats until successors are duly appointed.

Mr. Pearce called up the bond resolution, introducing the names of Washington, Jefferson, and John Adams, and it was passed.

Mr. Hamlin introduced a Bill amending the acts regulating importations, and warehousing imported merchandise, &c., &c., providing that goods that foreign merchandise duly entered and warehoused may remain in the custody of the Collector three years from the date of the original entry, unless sooner withdrawn for consumption, during this time they may be entered for consumption, or withdrawn for exportation, without the payment of duties; but if any such goods remain in warehouse longer than three years, they are to be subject to an additional warehousing. The Bill was referred to the Finance Committee.

The Bill in relation to Private Land Claims in California, was taken up, the pending question being in Committee of the Whole, agreed to, and the Bill ordered to be engrossed.

On the 6th, the Chair presented a petition from Mr. Gurley, asking for grants of public lands to colonists for the Republic of Liberia.

Mr. Mason, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely on changing the plan of a territorial Government for Utah (engrossed), and on the Bill to amend the Constitution was discharged from further consideration of the subject.

Mr. Seymour's resolution, calling upon the Secretary of War to report upon the practicability of keeping the harbor at New Castle, Del., in a navigable condition.

Mr. Atchison called up the Bill for the relief of the right of way and a portion of the public lands to Missouri, in the construction of a railroad from St. Joseph's, to that State.

The Bill was debated and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Rusk called up the Postage Bill from the House, and moved it be made the special order for Monday next. Agreed to.

Mr. Benton called up the Bill to make good to Missouri the five per cent. fund reserved from the sale of the public lands laid in that State.

The Bill proposes to grant to Missouri the land, which was reserved to the act of Congress of the 4th of March, 1820, for the sale of the lands for roads and roads, or canals, leading to Missouri, shall be refunded and paid over to the State by the act of the Treasury, provided that no more than one-half of the amount shall be the assignee of this relinquishment, and refunded to the State, and that the same shall be for the construction of said road to that State; and when said road is completed, said fund shall be applied by Missouri to the construction of a Railroad from St. Louis to the Western boundary of said State, and for a railroad from Hannibal to St. Joseph's also, that all the fund hereafter accruing shall also be paid to Missouri for the same purpose.

Mr. Clay said that he would show that Missouri was not the creditor of the Government, on account of this two per cent. fund, to the amount of one farthing. Every cent derived by the Government from this reserved two per cent. fund had been expended in the construction of the Cumberland Road from Cumberland to Vandalia, and this was done with the silent acquiescence of Missouri, and by the positive votes of her Representatives. About seven hundred miles of this road had been erected to the Government, on the pledge of being reimbursed by this two per cent. on the sales of public lands. The cost has been five millions eight hundred thousand dollars, and one million three hundred thousand dollars has been received from the reserved two per cent., leaving the Government out of pocket the difference between the two sums. Little or no appropriating money for the construction of this road, contained pledges that the Government should be reimbursed by its two per cent. fund. He had advocated these appropriations when the power existed to refund the pledge. The road was exhausted, and because of the disagreement between Illinois and Missouri as to the terminus road. This road has been of considerable benefit to the West, and it ought to be completed to Wheeling, all obligation on the part of the Government, arising out of the two per cent., ceased; but the States interested in the road were bound to see that the road was completed through Ohio first as far as the capacities of road, and the amount of money to be expended. The road was to be constructed without the bounds of Missouri, but in that State all the money derived from the reserved two per cent. has been specifically expended on the road, which has been constructed through Ohio, Indiana and in Illinois, to the Missouri line, and the road is not completed, because the fund was exhausted, and because of the disagreement between Illinois and Missouri as to the terminus road. This road has been of considerable benefit to the West, and it ought to be expended by us in constructing a road to Wheeling, all obligation on the part of the Government, arising out of the two per cent., ceased; but the States interested in the road were bound to see that the road was completed through Ohio first as far as the capacities of road, and the amount of money to be expended. The road was to be constructed without the bounds of Missouri, but in that State all the money derived from the reserved two per cent. has been specifically expended on the road, which has been constructed through Ohio, Indiana and in Illinois, to the Missouri line, and the road is not completed, because the fund was exhausted, and because of the disagreement between Illinois and Missouri as to the terminus road. This road has been of considerable benefit to the West, and it ought to be completed

Selected Poetry.

MY LAMP.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Shine out, my lamp, with radiance my Thou fair domestic planet, shine,
For sometimes there shines by day
A soon as this sweet light of thine.
My body, wearied, by the cat-shades of evening, leaden wrote from view,
Look from their sockets along the wall.
Each clothed with a mourner gone.

My chairs and tables, like the dead,
Stand round, as if replaced to see
That time is making some exercise.

For what his wages have swept from me!
Sleeping into a corner apart,
Lovers, friendships, intellectual hours,
Thoughts that uncover minds elsewhere,
Fruits such as youth's unbidded flowers.

And better forms than these thy beams
Endow with interest, kindlier looks
Yield to my soul dearer dreams
Than all the golden mines of books—
My lamp! and well then knew'st how bright
Their smiles appear, when, like a sun,
Set sudden on the track of night,
Thou alonest to cheer the saddened one.

My best companion!—art thou,
What crone my happiness hour before!
Rejoice, for dearer to me
Than daylight is thy greater glow—
Than daylight cheers the real sense.
But in my homey fancy flings
A purer grace, a softer aura
Around earth's dull and common things.

My evening lamp, still com'st thou here
As constant through the coming years
When towards its last our journey here
And lover's final eyes on met with tears,
Still may the radiance through the dark
Shine on with hope and comfort rife,
Till from between the mortal pair
Fade slowly from my lamp of life.

Romance of Life.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

The "Augsburg Gazette" gives the following account of a most extraordinary occurrence:—

On the 7th of November, Mr. Reichel, a miner of great wealth and known influence at Vienna, received an anonymous letter, whereby he was summoned to be in the *Prater*, the *Champs Elysee* of the Austrian capital, at a late hour in the following night, unattended, armed, and without letting any person know of where he intended to go. This strange summons, although it looked somewhat suspicious, did, however, not touch surprise the worthy merchant. He had, it seems, been in the habit of occasionally loaning large sums to the extravagant Austrian nobility, and employed several men in watching the movements of his debtors, that by taking their notes, he might, in spite of the enormous interest he took, not in the end become a loser. In this manner he had managed to keep clear of any heavy losses, for the moment he received notice of threatening ruin or bankrupt, he called on the right down on his debtor and made him pay as long as he had a farm to blow himself with. He held at that time notes to a very large amount, and had a vague notion, as all creditors have, that one or two of his customers would take refuge for a more genial clime. The letter, therefore, alarmed, did not surprise him. Some friend or foe, or, perhaps, some speculator, who was anxious to get his good graces, in all probability, written it, wishing to put him on his guard, or not daring to visit his house for fear of being watched. But who the present friend, if, he, he shrewd did not much trouble himself about that, he seemed could be interpreted in two ways—armed with weapons or armed with the mere needful—money. He took it into his head to have the latter, and put on a pair of double-barrelled pistols with a dagger sticking out, and sallied forth in the dark to meet the mysterious one.

It was on a night, and cloudy—the moon and stars were entirely invisible—and although Vienna's boulevards of those days were by no means gas-lighted, they did not find adequate illumination. A single lamp, the absence of the carriage, driver, and footman, and listened to their rising speed, all, none could not altogether, and the grand point, St. Stephen's clock struck midnight, found the innocent, and of course, unarmed carriage came rapidly to the spot whose he stood leaning against one of the trees. It stopped, and two men jumped themselves to the centre. He was astounded, and well might he be so, for the time was short, and he could not even see their eyes to judge what were their intentions with regard to him.

"Is it you, Mr. Reichel?" asked one of the strangers.

A timid and treacherous "Yes" told him that he was that identical individual.

"Are you armed?" asked the same deep but calm voice.

"I am."

"Follow me."

There was no resisting the summons, and Mr. Reichel instructed himself to comply with their request, but at the moment that he stepped into the carriage he felt his arm seized from behind, and a bandage was drawn over his eyes, which he was firmly bound at the wrists. All this had been the work of a moment, and Reichel felt himself entirely in the power of his assailants. He feared further violence, but the carriage rolled rapidly away, and not a word was spoken by his strange companions, except a warning not to try for assistance when they should unbind him, at the peril of his life. The anxiety of his mind left him no chance to think of means of delivery, every moment seemed to be an age, and at last when the carriage stopped, he was most bleeding. He remained inside his cage, and, still bandaged, into a house. They passed through many doors and passages, the cold air in which told him they were subterranean. At last they stopped, and after a short delay, another door seemed to open, they descended a flight of steps and entered a hall, where Mr. Reichel was relieved of his bandage and underwent his surprise having been previously taken away from him. He found himself in the midst of a large and well-lighted hall, amongst a numerous assemblage, but he alone was standing, all the others being seated upon benches which ran round the room. A man was distinguished by a semi above that of all the others, but like them, evenly seated, bedizzled as an insulated Reichel towards him. The imposing dignity of this man, and the solemn stillness of the crowded hall, made it a moment of overwhelming solemnity.

Poor Reichel felt his last breath on his lips, so thick did it come from his chest. But he was mistaken. The man did not pull out a pistol and bite, nods him kneel down, and he imitated in the first moment of terror of his position.

"Initiated! I!" gasped Reichel.

"Thou hast been deemed worthy of that honor. Brother Reichel," said the Chairman, and, in solemn convention have we decreed that thou should become one of us! Thy liberal ideas and hatred to the detested ruler of these realms have been reported to us, we are Freemen, and henceforth thou art one of us. Kneel and take the oath."

Reichel kneeled, in fact he was so astonished that he would have done anything at that moment. A dagger was put into his hand, and on the cross-formed hilt he was ordered to put his right hand, whereupon the formula of a solemn oath was read to him.

"But I am a Jew!" shrieked Mr. Reichel, "I cannot swear upon the cross!"

"Jew! a sacrilegious Jew!" resounded from all sides, and a number of most unmerciable forenames began to growl throughout the hall. Imprecations, threats, demands for an instant death, resounded in a confused mass, and like so many furies the maddened men strode up to their bewildered victim, if they seemed to drink his breath's blood. There was but one who seemed friendly to him, and this one succeeded after many a parley—a parley in which the end of this last an adjoining room, when Mr. Reichel was ordered to kneel down on the floor. The kind rescuer left him and locked the door, and for a while the sufferer was abandoned to his own thoughts and wild fears. But this did not last long. After the lapse of perhaps half an hour, four of the terrible beauties made their appearance, one of whom was the man who saved him, and whom he had seen before. The speaker informed Mr. Reichel, that this was indeed a unpleasant situation, and entirely in consideration of his wealth and influence they had interested to make him a member, not knowing that he was of the Jewish form. The admittance to the order now being out of the question, they must have an equivalent for his non-admittance, and because "you were poor and could not forsake the work of God and Liberty without proportionate sacrifice, they would demand a ransom of four thousand florins of him, or vice take his life.

Stern, pinch, and short-worded as this proposal was, Mr. Reichel saw the policy of complying with the request. To guard against any breach of, he was made to write a letter to his wife, saying that he would not be home till next evening, and he had to write an order on his bankers for the amount of his ransom. His captors then once more left him for many hours, and when they came to him, it was to announce that the money had been paid, and he would soon be at liberty. After dark he was led out blindfolded, and with a warning not to cry out for assistance if he valued his life. After a long and hasty ride for more than an hour, the carriage halted, and on alighting he found himself at the precise spot in the Prater where he had been captured on the previous evening. The carriage drove rapidly away, and Mr. Reichel could hardly credit that evening, hidden were from view. Look from their sockets along the wall. that it was really.

It is hardly credible that so high handed a proceeding could be successfully played off in the principality of Austria. Yet the fact remains unconstricted, and the most extraordinary efforts of the police have not found a clue to the mystery. It is an abundance of secret societies in the Austrian capital, and the foregoing adventure illustrates their spirit and enterprise. The Jews are much disliked in Austria, and it is not unlikely that Mr. Reichel would have met with his death if his wealth had not so powerfully pleaded in his behalf.

A SINGULAR STORY.

FROM THE PARIS CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LONDON ATLAS.

The festivities of the week have been varied, if not enlivened, by the death of an English nobleman, who had, for many years, become a resident of Paris, and who once swayed the king doms of fashion, and ruled over its mighty tribe of sycophants. This death is likely to give rise to the most extraordinary revelation, and to one of the most mysterious public trials that ever come before a jury. In fronting, the whole affair would, in former days, have been left to the sole charge of a glamour," and have been dealt with according to the respect which that mysterious idea created; but it can not be so much to be dreaded that it may simply become an accessory to crime, and be punished according to the law against such offence. The gentleman whose demise has been attended with so much mystery, is the heir to a realm, and during the high and palmy days of the domination of Lord Count—, the Baron Count—, and the whole host of every fashionable circle of Paris. His fair contemporaries, and the ladies of quality in which it had been made. Some declared that he had been engaged in forging treasury notes, others, that he had been detected in coining.—Some, that he had retired to La Trappe, and others, that he had been compelled to change his name, which had compelled him to change his name, and so on, and so on, through a long list of rumors.—And who is this red-coated witness?" exclaimed Burney, "and is the president of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his head, by making use of such a red-coated statement?

"Silence!" cried the Bench. Brice was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing, as he did, the influence which the Crown had over the British. Whilst, however, Barnaby was gratulating himself, and looking on the affair as half gained, his shirt bosom opened slightly, and the witness accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red under-shirt.

Brune's countenance brightened up. Pulling both hands in his pockets, and leaning over the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of the Court and jury, he began to whistle Barnaby concluded, Brice whispered in the ear of his client—"I've got him—your case is safe!" and then addressing the Court, he commenced reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary.

"Brune gave a regular history of the ancestry of the red-coated witness, dwelling on his loyalty and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity.

"In short, gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Brune, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his countenance beamed with the confidence of a man who standeth here to defend a cause based on the principles of right. I see nothing strange in a red under-shirt—I've got him—your case is safe!" man who standeth here to defend a cause based on the principles of right. I see nothing strange in a red under-shirt—I've got him—your case is safe!" the ground that no witness wears a red coat, the gentlemen of the jury—Here Brune made a pause, and suddenly Barnaby by the collar of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel!

"—when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a red flannel coat concealed under a blue one!"

"The effect was electrical. Barnaby was beat from his position. Brune had gained the cause."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LAUDABLE BLUSHES.—During the time of the Dutch war in Rhode Island, in which so much blood was shed, and so many families, and so many men killed in reality, a convention was called to frame measures for the better defence of the village of G——, in which our hero lived, determined to make a delegate; and as he could not be spared from the village better than many others, he was chosen, by a unanimous vote—generally was so called, and high and low in all his hair, and pull up his dickey.

"I pass, Sir?" said the speech, won't they, Squire?" said he, addressing the lawyer, as they came out of the caucus.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said he.

"Well, I guess I'm able to give 'em thunder and lightning!" quoth he.

Accordingly he went to the convention. The first question brought before the house was, the propriety of organizing an army. The debate ran high, members waxed warm, until finally one rose, and addressed the chair, and said he was not only at night, yet no more was seen of Lord S——, and, after awhile, the cottage was out here, and in a moment, the whole house was in confusion once more.

Meanwhile, the great Loudon lawyer, last week, revived the interest experienced two years ago, by the death of his relative, and the world's trial has taken place in a hovel situated at the bottom of a cow-yard, at the Batignolles, and there he gave such work to the court of law, that the English call the gentlemen of the long robe, "gents," and a good deal of fun he enjoyed and sealed, the whole of his vast personal property to the guest, ill-favored woman, who was more than twice his own age, from the shore of his solitude, and who, amongst the ignorant inhabitants, is said to have possessed some mysterious knowledge, over her unfortunate master, which gave her a complete influence. The will was disputed, and the lawyer-nephew was resolved to dispute the will, and for this purpose the lawyers have begun collecting evidence, and made a portion of memoirs. What with the case yet more curious is, that the forms will, which is said to be worth a million of francs, with the utmost difficulty that the smallest particle of information can be obtained.

"Thank Mud and Sons will Rock."—Mud pronounced in a certain part of Lancashire, and Rock, so monstrously developed, that their whole face is lost in it, determined that he will give him the world, is familiar to every body. We did not know that there was such high authority for the strong "grapevine" in the sentiment of the encounter. In the sixteenth chapter of II. Chronicles, we find the following statement, which is brief and pointed:—

"His enemies was exceeding great, yet in his distress he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

Dramatic Pastoral.—Mother.—"And James, my dear, what is the meaning of this?" Son (home from preparing all this week for the donation party), and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jemmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do' do means to give you the lots with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit of land, brought by a little-endowed but long lawyer, called Brucc. Brucy's—a—a—a